THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII AUGUST, 1926 No. 8

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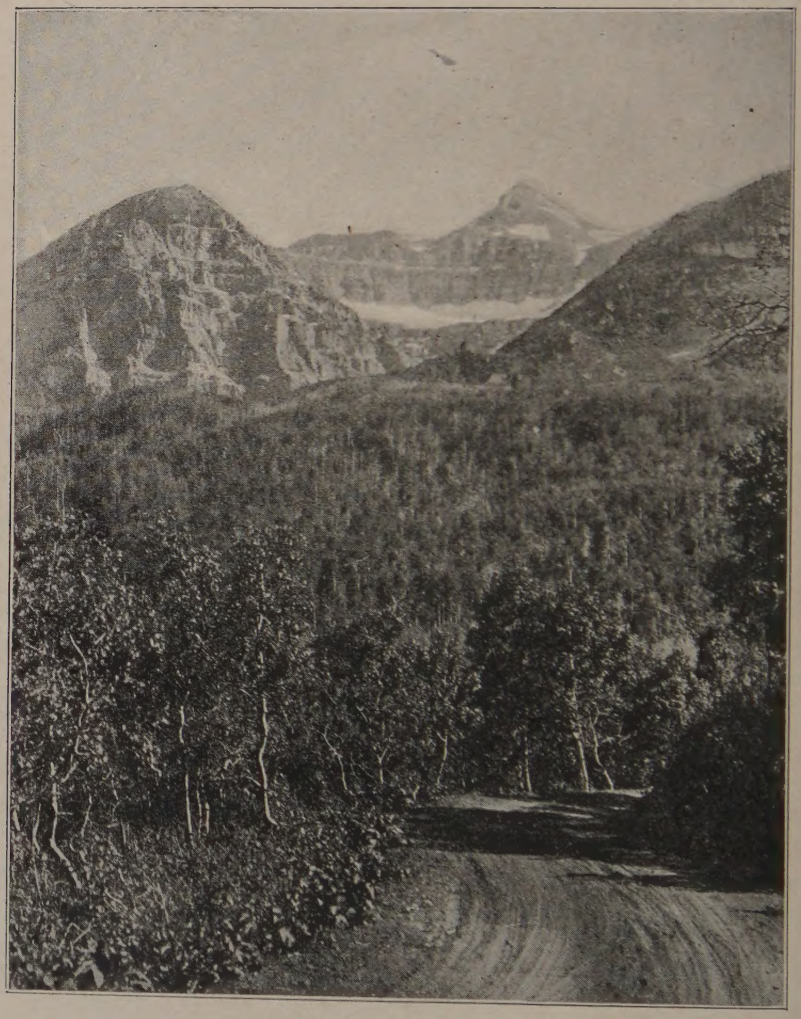
QUESTIONS

Lulu W. Nelson

Do you ever stop as the days pass by,
To look over-head at the clear blue sky,
Or list to the song of a care-free bird,
Or the rustle of leaves by a light breeze stirred?
Do you catch the hum of the busy bee,
Or watch how the shades steal o'er the lea,
As the cloud-boats glide through the azure sky
And hide the sun as they pass him by?
Do you ever stop when the night hangs low
And see the moon, as a silver bow
Or a radiant orb, with stars awake
And shining below in pool and lake?
Do you ever catch, on the soft spring breeze,
The fragrance shed by the blooming trees,
Or behold a daisy in her bed of sod,
And say to yourself, "There is no God"?



ALPINE HIGHWAY, AMERICAN FORK CANYON

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIII AUGUST, 1926 No. 8

The Ante-Room of Heaven

(Timpanogos Cave)

By Minnie J. Hardy

The district attorney of a certain county which shall be nameless says: "When a man travels around a good deal he is seeking one of three things: health, wealth or information; but when a woman goes sailing around on a concrete ocean she is just a natural gad-about born with a wandering heel." He even goes so far as to say that some women are not good citizens because they do not stay at home long enough to vote. But regardless of the narrow and apparently biased opinion of my able opponent (as the lawyers say) I decided to "see America first."

I went and saw:

A few weeks ago I arrived in the interesting, historic and enterprising City-of-the-Saints, one of the finest cities in the United States and an everlasting monument to the splendid faith and courage of the early pioneers.

Last Sunday, in company with B. A. Booster, The Guest-From-Berkley, The Charming-One, The Little Maiden and The Splendid-Woman, in a high-powered Fierce Sparrow, we glided away over the great, broad highway bordered on either side with sun-flowers, golden-rod, poplar trees, green fields, ripening grain and clover blossoms, through the thriving town of American Fork, past Utah Lake, shimmering like a sheet of gunmetal in the sunlight, then a little south and east to American Fork Canyon, a savage gorge cut deep in the mountains by a wild stream; scenic grandeur that offers the tourist thrills worth traveling across the continent to enjoy, and where Mount Timpanogos, scarred by age-old torrents, yet majestic in his rugged grandeur, rears his regal head twelve thousand feet above the sea and looks down upon us smilingly, serene, a symbol of the mighty power of the Eternal; reverential joy and an ever increasing love for Utah filled my heart.

Booster parked the car at the ranger station, secured tickets at the small sum of fifty cents each, and we prepared for the great adventure.

The government has constructed a good trail which decreases the difficulty, increases the charm, and makes climbing comparatively easy. After we had past the thirty-second turn, or so it seemed to me, we reached Inspiration Point. "Oh how wonderful!" exclaimed The Charming One. "Perfectly marvelous! Whatever would Lusinda think if she could see this magnificent scenery?" "Quite a contrast from the level state of Indiana," answered The Splendid-Woman.

"Sublime, superb, supreme! Talk about your inexplicable thrills!" Berkley removed his hat. "Whoever said anything about Yellowstone Park, this suits me and here I rest."

Aroused from my meditations and visions of the great Brigham Young and his little band of followers who first saw the green valley sleeping in the distance, I answered, "This is the place."

Booster urged us to proceed up, up, up,—gracious! would we never reach the top?

"Is your heart all right?" asked someone. "Oh, yes, my heart is O. K., but for once in my life I am short winded," I managed to gasp between pants. "Thank goodness," murmured a voice in the distance. "I beg your pardon, did you speak?" I inquired. "Oh, no, I just remarked, I am glad we have surmounted so many turns and have at last covered about half of our journey. We will proceed to ascend."

Booster was addressing no one in particular, "What a relief, after all he didn't seem to rejoice in my inability to talk."

Finally we reached the top, our lungs full of rarified air, the distilled atmosphere sweeping against our cheeks, and the glory of God seen on every hand and proclaimed in every sound of wind or drip of waterfall.

A reception committee of one, an obliging young cave man, greeted us and opened a ponderous door. I recalled the words of the immortal Dante, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." I looked around for Cerberus, the three-headed monster that guards the gates of the nether world, and started to say my prayers when a sepulchral voice quoted from St. Paul, or was it T. R.? I have quite forgotten for the moment just who wrote those lines, "Let him who is without a sin, arise and follow me." I arose, hesitated, faltered, my past life flashed before me. Berkley and two little Joy Miners, whom we met on the trail, followed the guide. I knew it was going to be a close shave, but thought if they could "get by" surely I could squeeze in.

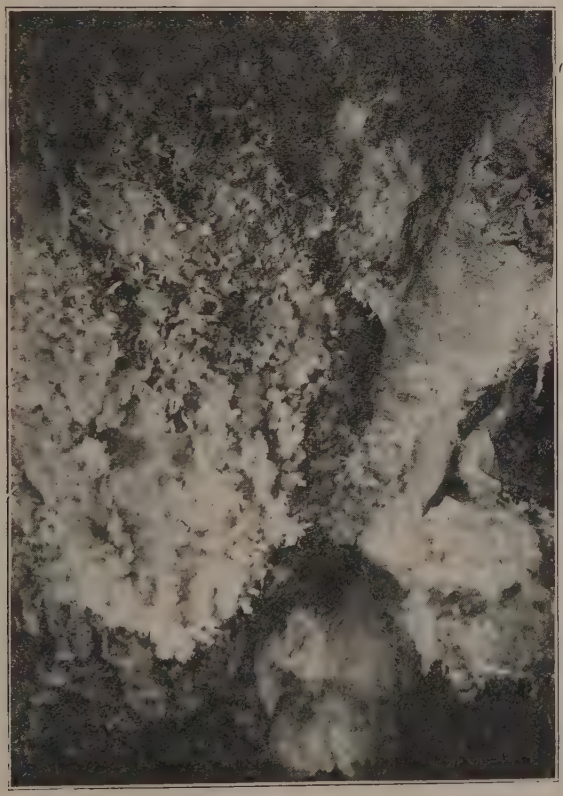
In the cave—how cold, damp and dark it seemed. The guide turned on a small electric light. "Very interesting" someone remarked. Yes, it did seem so, and yet no sight of the three-headed

creature. A water formation that resembled large icicles hung from the roof of the crypt-like cavern.

We moved on through a narrow corridor that gradually became a crevice in the rocks, performed some Delsarte exercises, doubled up like so many jack-knives and crept along the narrow passage. "Ouch!" I bumped my head on a sharp point of rock, but no harm done. "Low bridge," called Booster. Like so many thieves in the night we crept on. Then the cave man touched a button.

The Illumination

Oh, how wonderful! How exquisitely beautiful, marvelous, beyond description; an immense banquet-hall, blazing with bril-



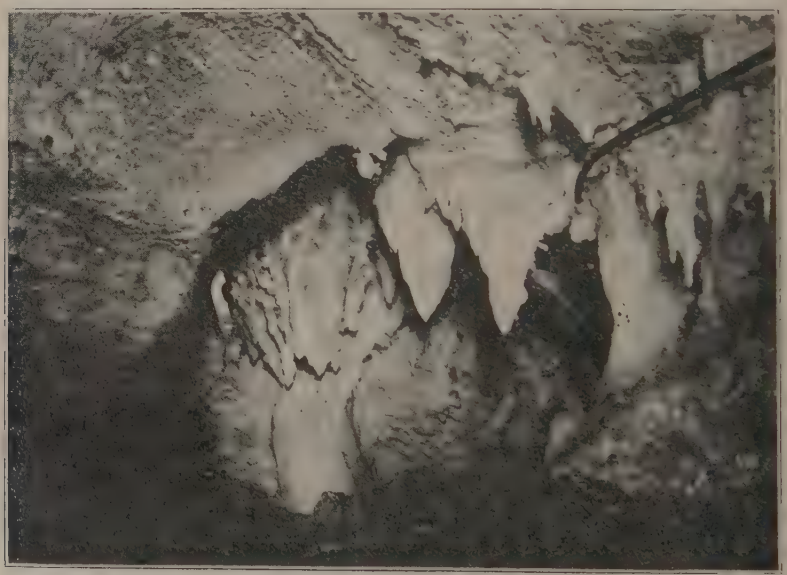
THE CHANDLIERS

liant, sparkling, irridescent chandeliers, decorated with bouquets and garlands of lovely white flowers, an opalescent, radiant, shimmering display of regal splendor. Every moment I expected to

see Minerva glide out from some hidden bower and bid us welcome to her enchanted fairyland.

Somewhere in the distance the guide was saying, "Here we have the mourning doves." Could it be possible, was there really something more to see? Two little white doves perched upon a point of rock held our attention for a moment. "Here's Thor's Hammer, Neptune's Fork, Cupid's Arrow, the Giant's Comb, and Lady Prosperpines Grotto." "Now step this way please," and there, amid yards and yards of priceless lace, caught up in bow knots with rosettes and clusters of night blooming Cerese, was the heart of Timpanogos. The heavens and earth all passed away and rolled up into a scroll. The pearly gates swung wide and we entered the "Ante-Room-of-Heaven."

Booster gasped, the Charming One held her breath, Berkley unknowingly clasped the hand of the Splendid Woman, the Little Maiden clapped her hands for joy, while I pinched myself to see if I had really "passed over." For here, hidden in the depths of this great mountain, was the Heart of the World, the master piece of the great Master Artist. Never anywhere in all my years of wandering (and I have seen many world-famed places of interest) have I seen anything so infinitely beautiful as this great transparent



THE HEART OF TIMPANOGOS

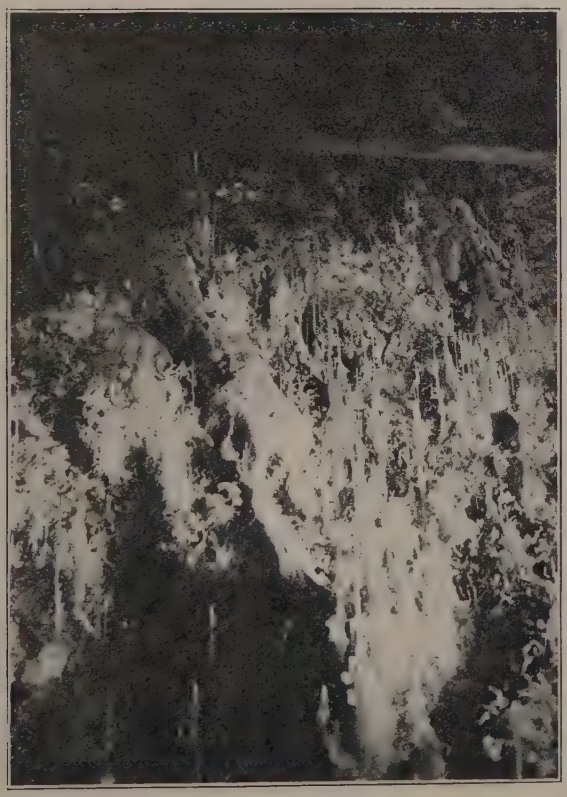
heart suspended from the roof of the cave. To some it seemed like an immense calla lily hanging by a slender stem.

"If you will look beneath this ledge you will see the doves'

nests." We did, and there was a delicately formed nest of twigs and leaves as natural as any found in the wildwood.

"And here the baby's hand." "Oh, Henry, do come here," called the Charming One. "Isn't it darling, just too cute for words?" She pressed her husband's arm affectionately. "Yes, my dear, indeed it is," was the gentle response of the devoted Henry. "Truly, I think if Michael Angelo would come back to earth he could not carve anything more natural than those tiny, dimpled fingers, smooth as satin and white as driven snow."

"This, friends, is the Bride's Bouquet." An immense bouquet of roses and lilies tied with streamers of white ribbon was hang-



THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

ing high on the marble wall and every ledge from ceiling to floor was decorated with garlands of forget-me-nots, lilies-of-the-valley and silver ferns, and, as if to make this underground corridor still more beautiful, Mother Nature had tucked and pinned clusters of

little cactus blossoms everywhere. The guide said, "These flowers are formed by wind currents."—but who knows?

A step to the right and we stood beneath the Angel's wings.

Shades of Noah Webster and Daniel, too, come to my rescue! I am dumb with awe and admiration, out of words and out of breath. "How can I meet the Angel Gabriel in these hiking garments? Dear me, I do wish I had worn my pale-blue gown. I might have been a little more generous with cousin Caroline; however, I did help the Community Chest."

I closed my eyes expecting to stand before the great White Throne at the next turn. I waited but nothing happened. The Charming One touched my arm. "Oh, how exquisite! what a kalesidoscope of dainty prismatic shades! It is just simply inconceivable." For a moment I thought she was wandering in her mind; but no, there beneath those feathery wings was a minature lake, blue as a robin's egg, reflecting the formation in colors of rose, pearl and azure, like a rainbow in the moonlight. Silence reigned supreme; but only for a moment. As we proceeded the feet of the Splendid Woman slipped and down she went right into Father Time's Jewel Box. "Goodness, mother, are you hurt?" Booster ran to rescue his maternal parent. "No, son," she laughed. "Now don't get excited, this is the first time in my life I ever had the chance to sit in the lap of luxury, and now that I am here I am in no hurry to leave." And there she sat, looking very natural and life-like in the midst of all that celestial splendor. When we pulled her out she said the scenery was heavenly, but the setting was a little too severe, and she did not like the plot, it was entirely too damp for a member of the Dry Federation.

I was intoxicated with the magnificence of my surroundings and had no desire to move; but that horrid cave man, like some Imp of the Evil One, with a flaming sword of electricity, hurried us on.

"Low bridge," crawl, slip, up some steps, down a long slide to Ceres' Vegetable Garden where carrots, beets, artichokes and the humble but powerful onion grew in profusion, and as if to furnish a perfect dinner for a politician or hungry traveler, Ceres had picked a chicken and dressed a duck and hung them up among the vegetables.

Our attention was called to the Parade of the Elephants, four natural, life-sized elephant heads peeped at us from a corner of the corridor; and, as if to make the circus complete, with a steam calliope, the guide struck one of the stalactites with a small stick, "these are the chimes," he explained. A sound clear as a Chinese bell resounded through the cave. Another tuned to a higher note, then as he struck a stalagmite that extended from the floor we heard the echo of a blacksmith's hammer on a heavy anvil; then the bass note of a modern saxophone. "Indeed, that chap

will be able to play in a jazz orchestra before many moons or I miss my guess," observed the Splendid Woman. In another chamber the stalagmites rise and meet the dripping crystal stalactites in a family reunion making a fantastic maze of collonades and scroll work like the railing on an old fashioned veranda.

Back to earth, our names signed on the government register, we returned to Inspiration Point to take a last look at the distant peaks in their flaming robes of Autumn gorgeousness. The atmosphere seemed filled with lyric harmony; my weary soul, in tune with the infinite, I could look through the tantalizing witchery of the clouds away into Eternity until it seemed there was only a thin veil between our small earth and the Master Builder.

But, oh, the flame of sunset, crimson glows, blend with the purple of the on-coming night. These cliffs are gold-of-ophir, sun-dyed rose and rainbow-hued, like opals sparkling bright. "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The afterglow kisses the clouds and transforms the mountain peaks into tiny volcanoes. Luna's twilight candles to light us on our journey home. But still we linger. Booster reminds us, "It is getting late, and it looks like rain. A storm is coming up!"

"Oh, I love it, I love it, I love it. I just simply love a great big crashing, smashing storm in the mountains;" exclaimed the Charming One. "I love to watch the Storm God sharpening his

SYLVIA'S BABY

teeth on the flint and steel in the mountains, twisting the tree tops and frightening the cougars, fire flashing from his nostrils as he goes galloping through the clouds, hurling his mighty forces in fierce tumult against the unwavering battlements of old Thor, and—" "Sylvia, have you lost your senses, sharpening his teeth on flint and steel, tumults and battlements, where do you get that stuff? Do come on, have you forgotten you have a baby at home that would like to see his mother some time tonight?"

Booster spoke in a married voice. "Yes, yes, darling, I am coming." Far away in the distance I thought I could hear a child crying and hurried after the flying Sylvia.

Soon the Fierce Sparrow was sailing over the concrete sea, back to earth and earthly cares and responsibilities.

"My! If California only had that cave it would be so well advertised the trail would be covered with tourists the year round." Berkley cast a longing look back at Old Timp.

For one brief never-to-be-forgotten hour we had enjoyed the Ante-Room-of-Heaven and were loath to leave it; but consoled ourselves with the thought that we still had a little bit of heaven waiting for us at home in the shape of Sylvia's baby.

Let Me be a Friend

Eugene L. Roberts

Let me be a friend, and spare
My friend the needless hurt
Of "friendly" fault revealing.
Rather than parade his errors made
Before his tolerant soul,
Let me teach mankind his good to find,
To view him as a whole,
A rich complex of Being.

Let me be a friend, and spare
My world the needless fear,
Of doubt's cold endless freezing.
Rather than expose life's sickening woes
And blight man's happiest moods,
Let me clear the way that he may pray,
Unquestioning to his God,
His ancient faith appeasing.

The Tintype Lady

By Lillie M. Dale

The clock struck 3 a. m. as Lodema Latimer, regardless of her flimsy, gorgeous gown of spangled and beaded georgette and chiffon, flung herself into a heavy over-stuffed rocker in front of the fireplace where a feeble flame was still burning. Recklessly she kicked off her high heeled slippers and, resting her small, well shaped dark head against the soft grey back of the chair, she exclaimed:

"Another perfectly beautiful romance wrecked on the rocks of stubbornness."

Carelessly lighting a cigarette, she blew several puffs of smoke toward the mantel.

"Oh, heck! I wish I were dead," she sobbed.

"Yes, my dear, you are right, you are making a very successful wreck of your life," said a soft voice.

Lodema looked up and there on the mantel stood a strange, young lady such as she had never seen in her travels and she had traveled extensively.

"Why! who are you? How dare you?" she cried.

"I am your grandmother," said the soft voice. "But to be up to date I must not publicly proclaim that relationship, for I have learned since sojourning on the mantel that I am your "Mama Latimore." You, the modern girl, my son James' only child."

"I have been watching you for a long time, and I know you have quarreled with John Aldrich,—and I wouldn't blame him one bit if he never saw you again. Don't interrupt me. Yes! I know you were engaged, but no right-thinking man can ever approve of the things you insist upon doing. All society girls drink and smoke you say? But does that make it right? Or does it make you good, sweet, and womanly? These habits lead to other bad habits and, my darling child, only yesterday I thought I heard you use a profane word. Gracious me! how short your skirt is. Just below your knees, it is shocking. I can actually see your—garters, and your feet, how large they are. Why! when I was married, I only wore a one and a half size boot. I remember so well a beautiful pair I had, cloth tops and laced on each inner side. Your hair is—let me think—they call it shingled. Surely you look more like a boy, only for that ridiculous gown. Here, it is cold weather and I know you haven't your flannels on."

"At first I thought your complexion was natural. I could not see very clearly after being in that drawer so long but I know now it is the make-up that keeps your cheeks so rosy, and your

lips—I feel like falling right off into the fireplace. In my time, to color the lips would have been disgraceful. From what I hear, young ladies of today powder their noses and rouge in public and nothing is thought of it. You appear on the street in men's attire, on a hike in knickers, I over-heard someone say. It almost makes me wish I was back in that dark drawer, wrapped up in soft, white tissue paper, where I couldn't hear or see such goings on."

"When your gr—gran—, no "Mama Latimore" was a young woman, it was a great privilege to be allowed to remain out of an evening until nine o'clock, but I heard you coming in at three this morning. The clock on the mantel beside me chimed the hour, so I was not mistaken. I was awake and waiting for you, because you always come to this room and smoke a cigarette before retiring. I knew you had gone out earlier in the evening with John Aldrich in that big blue auto-mo-bubble—"Sport Model." I declare! there is so much I must remember. A jazz age, you say? I don't like the word. That reminds me when I was a miss, I learned to play the organ. "The Blue Danube" and "Nellie Gray" were very popular. A fox-trot or any other animal trotting was never heard of in music. I have listened to you playing, "Baby Blues" and "Choo, Choo, Blues" fox trot. I cannot recollect the other colors. Do I like your dances? I really haven't had a chance to see many. Day in and day out I am in one place on this mantel. Howsoever, I will say that dance named after a southern town is very improper. There is not any dance as pretty and graceful as the "Minuet" or "Money Musk."

"You are not sleepy, neither am I, so suppose my dear, I tell you how, for four years I traveled through the south in a soldier's pocket."

"Shortly after Will Latimore and I became engaged, he enlisted at the first call for volunteers in the Civil War, in a Massachusetts cavalry regiment. For some reason there was a long delay in going to the front and he, being impatient and rather restless at the delay, re-enlisted in a company of infantry that had marching orders and he was soon in the midst of the fighting. He enlisted as a private and served through the entire war leaving it as a captain.

"Tintypes were very popular in those days so I had a likeness taken and he carried it away, telling me it was his most precious possession. I thought my frock was the prettiest I ever had. It is the one I am now wearing. A wide blue and black striped silk with three rows of gilt buttons extending across the ample basque. The sleeves are full and these white under sleeves reaching just above the wrist are most effective. The skirt contains six widths and is held out as you notice by hoops which is a beautiful fashion. The skirt, too, is ruffled from the hem to the waist line, where the fullness is gathered in. My straw hat has a low crown

and the brim dips in the front and back. The trimming of black ribbon and feathers is very stylish. My hat sits upon the top of my head, not pulled down to my brow as you wear yours. My hair is heavy and long and I wear it coiled low on my neck with becoming curls hanging down on one side."

"I always dressed in good taste and was much admired and courted by the young beaux in our town. Did I ever quarrel with my lover? I suppose I did because I was proud like you, but the war cured me of the determination to always want to have my own way and I learned it never pays to be stubborn."

"We women of the north were very busy making bandages to send to hospitals, helping take care of returned soldiers who were either sick or wounded, sending comfort and cheer to the dear ones on the battle field. A woman's duty is always to uplift and give her moral support to men folks, never to lower her standard."

"When a fleet under Captain (afterward admiral) Farragut entered the Mississippi river from the gulf of Mexico, General Butler commanded the land forces and Will Latimore was one of the boys in blue. The confederates had strung a cable across the river to prevent the Union vessels from sailing by to New Orleans. General Butler's army made camp one night close to the point where the cable was stretched across the river. Private Latimore, off duty, strolled down to where the stake was driven into the ground to hold the cable. He was alone and wretchedly homesick. Taking his note book from his pocket he extracted from between its leaves, my tintype, the picture of the girl he had left in the north. It was while sitting there the idea came to him to make a frame for this picture. So with only his jack-knife to work with, he lovingly whittled a frame from out the stake. It was in one piece, with no joining. Very delicately he carved a tiny vine on each side of the frame and cut my name—Mary—in clear letters. You will forgive me dearie, if I weep just a little, because it brings back such sweet memories of happy bygone days."

Lodema tried to speak, but no words came, her head fell to one side and with a jerk she sat erect in her rocker. The fire was out. Glancing toward the mantel, in old fashioned hoop skirts, ruffles and curls, stood "The Tintype Lady" in the odd frame.

Lodema stretched out her arms toward her—

"You darling grandmother," she exclaimed! "I will try so hard to be different."

Shelley somewhere says that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." They are, however, not so much makers of laws, as creators of conditions out of which laws arise.—*Charles F. Thwing.*

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

Organized Women Stand for Prohibition

It is a matter of deepest satisfaction to women all over the land that the organized womanhood of America has not deserted the cause of prohibition. Here and there, there have been sporadic cases of a woman proclaiming herself in favor of the repeal of the 18th Amendment, but those whose voices have been heard in favor of repealing the Amendment are few in comparison to the many who have proclaimed in its favor.

In the June issue of the *Magazine* we published, as the frontispiece, the picture of representatives of an army of twelve million women who appeared before the Senate Committee to inform the committee that they were unalterably opposed to modification of the law in any form.

Following the march of this army to the Capitol building came the declaration of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in session at Atlantic City. The Federation passed a resolution of uncompromising support of the 18th Amendment, without a single dissenting vote. This organization represents women of training

and culture all over the United States, and it should serve as a notice to the few women who may not be giving loyal support to the measure that they are out of step with the womanhood of the land.

This is the third time the General Federation of Women's Clubs has placed itself on record as favoring the Volstead Act. The first time was at a convention held at Chautauqua, New York, the second, in Los Angeles, and the third time, in the midst of nation-wide agitation, the resolution was passed at Atlantic City, New Jersey, a state that has two United States Senators who have been prominent in the Congress of the United States in stirring up this whole matter. We hope these gentlemen are aware of the fact that the women of America were brave enough to enter the confines of their state which they would like us to believe is unalterably "wet" and pass a resolution of uncompromising support to the 18th Amendment.

Ada Dwyer Russell on Amy Lowell

It was indeed a happy thought that led the Granite stake officers to telegraph to Mrs. Ada Dwyer Russell and obtain her services for an afternoon with Amy Lowell in the Assembly Hall. Such initiative is most commendable wherever it is found.

About a year ago the Logan stake officers wrote to the relatives of Emily Dickinson, and obtained letters and other unpublished matter in relation to her life and writings, which added very greatly to their information and enjoyment when the lesson was presented.

Miss Nellie Morris, literary leader in the Hawthorne ward, is given credit for first thinking of bringing Mrs. Russell before the Relief Society. Nothing could be more truly fitting than that Ada Dwyer Russell should give the lesson on Amy Lowell. First, because she is the daughter of a reverenced and beloved pioneer family of this state, and for that reason the hearts of the people of Utah go out to her; secondly, she is an artist in her own right, consequently has the ability of presenting literature in an effective manner; thirdly, and this is most important, she was the sympathetic companion of Amy Lowell—residing in her home—knowing her as a person and as an artist as it was perhaps given to no one else to know her.

Her very able and pleasing address in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall proved to be one of the most valuable contributions to the sum total of knowledge in relation to Amy Lowell that has yet been presented to the public. Her reading of *Lilacs* and *Patterns* was superb, and reminded us that we were listening to a gifted daughter of the stage.

We appreciate the generosity and graciousness of Mrs. Russell in appearing before us. We trust that her sojourn in her native state may be full of pleasure to her, for out of the abundance of her well stored mind and heart she has fed us, and out of the fulness of our hearts we would reciprocate her kindness in fullest measure.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Emmaretta G. Brown and her corps of officers, who had the arrangements in hand. The stand was tastily decorated with flowers that at this season are so abundant, and the music was in keeping with the flowers and the address. It was in every respect the type of entertainment for which the Relief Society would like to be known.

We are publishing herewith a copy of the program as placed in the hands of Counselor Jennie B. Knight, the presiding officer of the occasion, feeling sure that our readers will be interested in following it.

AMY LOWELL
L. D. S. Relief Society Literary Lesson
Assembly Hall, June 22, 1926
2:00 p. m.
Lecture by
ADA DWYER RUSSELL
Auspices Granite Stake Relief Society

Program

Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, of General Presidency of Relief Society, presiding

1. Ladies' Trio, "Spirit of Heaven".....Granite Stake Relief Society Choir
2. Invocation.....Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, of Gen. Pres. of Relief Society
3. Solo, "The Earth is the Lord's".....Mrs. Agnes Bolto
4. Introduction of Mrs. Russell.....Miss Alice L. Reynolds
5. Lecture, "Amy Lowell".....Ada Dwyer Russell
6. Selection, "The Lord Will Comfort Zion".....
   Mrs. Louise Giauque, Eleanor Edgington, and Granite Stake Relief Society Choir
7. Benediction.....Annie Wells Cannon

We are publishing in this issue of the *Magazine* a copy of a painting entitled *An Old Lady at the County Infirmary*, by Mr. John Standsfield. This painting has attracted a good deal of attention, as it certainly represents a type of old lady often found in a county infirmary. It brings to mind Nanny in Barry's *Little Minister*. The painting was on exhibition last April in the art collection exhibited at the Springville High School. Thousands of persons saw the painting, so that we feel sure that many of our readers will welcome it in the pages of the *Magazine*.

We are very glad to publish in connection with the picture a poem by Jessie Sundwall, which records her reaction to the picture.

Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem

Announcement, 1926

The memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded—a first prize consisting of $20 and a second prize consisting of $10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. *Nom de plumes* should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

8. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15.

The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular *Magazine* rates.

All entries should be sent to Alice L. Reynolds, Associate editor, *Relief Society Magazine*, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15.

Why Not?

(Dedicated to our aged pioneers.)

By Minerva P. Shaw

Why not recall the good old days,
The days of husking bees,
Of quiltings and of singing games
One now so seldom sees?
When maidens were content to sit
And sew by tallow dips,
And handshakes came from joy within
Expressed by hearty grips?

And if perchance young men would call
They greeted with delight,
The lassies with their rosy cheeks
In aprons dainty white;
Sometimes their dimpled arms and hands
Were found in pastry gloved;
These were girls young men would wed,
The girls they always loved.

There's rythm in the kettles as
They hum upon the crane;
The crackling of the firewood
At the hearthstone; and again
There's rythm as the children sleep
Tucked in their trundlebed,
While mother's foot propels the wheel
She spins the linen thread.

And father shells the golden corn
At eve with tub and spade;
He knows before the dawn, in part,
His livelihood is made.
Affection breathes within the home,
It radiates a glow,
That silently bespeaks their love
In days of long ago.

Why shall they not recall the days
Of sorrows, joys and tears?
Reminders of their faith in God
To bless, in passing years.
And should their locks be sparse and gray,
Or white as driven snow,
The glory in their souls revert
To days of long ago.

The Diary of an Ugly Duckling

Estelle Webb Thomas

March 18.—I did intend to call this "Daisy's Diary" as that sounds rather euphoneous, (how's that for clegance?), but being one of those persons who believe in calling a spade a spade—though why anyone should want to call it anything else, unless they were making a cross-word puzzle, I can't understand—, well, so long as I am one of those persons, I decided to call it, "The Diary of an Ugly Duckling."

Petty (Mr. Pittibone, our English teacher) says that at some time in our lives we all feel the urge for self-expression through the written word. I thought at the time that any urge I might feel would be fully satisfied in writing those wretched papers he is always assigning us, but lately I have had so many things on my mind,—and nobody to talk them over with, that is, no-one who would understand, for though Mother is just as dear and beautiful as she can be, there is simply no use trying to get her to take things seriously; well, feeling this way, I just happened to think of the little red diary that Gran gave me for Christmas. One thing about a diary, someone isn't always correcting your spelling, and criticizing your English. And then, one can speak one's mind without hurting anyone's feelings, which I don't seem to be able to do, usually. Another thing, I can write just as long sentences as I like, and won't even have to have a predicate in them, if I don't want to. (See, there, I finished a sentence with a preposition, and that would make Petty throw a fit if he knew it.)

I did intend to write more tonight, but I am so sleepy, and still have three problems in Algebra to do, so I'll call it a day, and stop. This is a pretty good start, anyway, and I have got to be careful, or my diary will be full before I have said anything.

March 20.—I spoke to Mother, today about Inez. She only said, "Well, dear, that is her way, just as being sensible is yours. There's no harm in what she does, we must each express our individuality in our own way."

I said, "But, Mother, she makes eyes! She's silly!" Mother said gently, "Inez has been told so often that her eyes are pretty, it isn't surprising if she is a trifle vain of them. And the silliness is just a stage, dear, she will get over it in time."

Isn't that exasperating! But that is all the satisfaction I ever got out of Mother! She says that Lisbeth's habit of calling people *"Kid"* is just a stage, too. Well, I for one, don't feel that I can take my responsibilities so easy. I don't mind doing Inez's

English papers for her, but I do hate it that she has changed so, lately. She is only a year older than I am, and we used to have so much fun. But now she is so changed! She goes with Madge Blakely, and has secrets from me, never lets me see what she writes in her journal. I know it's about boys, though, because that seems to be the only subject that she and Madge are interested in, any more. I admit that Inez is pretty. Her hair is just like a shining black cap. Her eyes are green, the color of the emerald in Aunt Dora's ring, that her lover who died, gave her. She has thick black lashes, and the prettiest red lips. I have always just loved to look at her, but now she has got to thinking so much about her own beauty, it is all spoiled.

If looks were all it took to make an angel, Lisbeth would be one. She has the *biggest* eyes! So deep blue they are almost purple, with long curling lashes,and skin like rose-petals. She sings, too, in the most heavenly voice, and Inez plays her accompaniment.

I wouldn't have them know for anything that I had written all this gush about them, but I want to remember when I am an old, old lady just how we all looked. And then, I suppose when people have looks like Inez and Lisbeth they don't have to be over-burdened with brains. People simply can't look at Lisbeth and refuse her anything. That's why she's so spoiled. But Mother can't see it. To her, Lisbeth is still the "baby," and everything she does is cute. Mother is like Inez, only more beautiful, and has Lisbeth's sweet expression. She is just as dear and lovely as she can be and I simply can't understand how she could have a child as plain as I am, that even has to wear glasses, as a finishing touch.

Well, somebody in the family has to be practical and have a little common sense, and that seems to be my role. It would have been jolly to have known our father, and divided the responsibility with him, but I was only three when he died, and I took over the family.

I started to tell Inez's faults, but someway got off on to all our looks; and now I've lost the spirit of writing. But about Inez--maybe she isn't any sillier than other sixteen-year-old girls. O, I hope I won't be in that "stage," as Mother calls it, in one year from now! This looks a little like us all.

April 12.—It wasn't really my turn to spend the week-end with Gran and Aunt Dora, but Lisbeth was invited to a party for Friday evening, that she didn't want to miss, and Inez had to go to the dentist, so I got to come. I brought my diary along because I have more time for writing than during the week. Gran and Aunt Dora are always glad to see us, and expect one of us down every week-end. Inez thinks that Aunt Dora is very romantic because her lover died from typhoid fever the very

day that they were to have been married. But, some way, I can never feel very romantic when I think of Aunt Dora, she looks so red-cheeked and healthy, and is so decided about everything.

Mother says I have Aunt Dora's habit of speaking my mind, but I hope I am a little more careful of people's feelings. However, I like Aunt Dora, and she makes awfully good doughnuts.

This evening, I happened to be looking at the big picture of Mother that hangs in Gran's sitting-room, the one where she looks so much like Inez does now, when the thought popped into my head that maybe Mother was—well, kind of flirty, when she was a girl, just as Inez is, now, and Lisbeth shows every sign of going to be. Perhaps that is why she is so unconcerned about their light-mindedness—she is in *sympathy* with them! So, I said to Gran in an off-hand way, "Did Mother have lots of beaus, when she was a girl?" And Aunt Dora spoke right up as she always does, without giving Gran a chance, "Beaus! Indeed she did have beaus! We couldn't walk for falling over them of an evening, could we, Mother?" And Gran added, in the sad way she always speaks of her children when they were young, just as if they were dead, "She was much prettier than you will ever be, my dear!" Now, I've heard that speech dozens of times, and it has never offended me before, but I suppose that it has sort of got on my nerves to think that a girl can get away with anything if she is pretty, and all the responsibility falls on the plain ones. So I replied coldly, "I know that I am not pretty, I've got brains, like my father!" "O, indeed!" said Aunt Dora, sharply, "and I suppose that on your Mother's side of the family, we are all morons!"

"O, I don't mean that you are beautiful and dumb, Aunt Dora!" I said hurriedly, but though I meant it as a compliment, Aunt Dora was very cool all the rest of the evening, and never even mentioned making fudge, again, although she had promised me that she would, after supper. So, when Gran went to bed, she always goes at eight o'clock, I came up to my room to write in my diary. It always seems sort of lonesome, the first night I am here, to sleep alone in the big bed Mother used to sleep in, in the very room she had when she was a girl. Maybe she used to lie awake staring at this very window, and thinking of the handsome young artist that later turned out to be Father!

That last sounds like Inez, so I guess I'll cross it out and go to bed.

April 13.—That *odious* Smith boy came over the first thing, this morning, to see which one of us came, last evening. He seemed sort of disappointed when he saw it was me, but asked me to go fishing, as he always does, and to the movies, in the evening. I declined the invitation to fish, as I always do, because I believe that a whole day of that silly boy would simply kill

me, but accepted the bid to the movies, because Mrs. Smith is Aunt Dora's best friend, and she is awfully offended if we aren't nice to Berty. That shows just the kind of boy he is—people call him *Berty*, and get off with it! I told him that I was going to read to Gran, so I did, out of the Bible, for an hour, then I noticed that Gran was asleep, and I was, nearly, so I went and helped Aunt Dora fry dough-nuts in the kitchen. I burnt my arm, and Aunt Dora said that when she was fifteen, there was nothing that she could not cook. I asked her if she could do cube-root, and it kind of got her. You've simply got to stick up for yourself with Aunt Dora. After lunch I had a bath, and put on my pongee, and my rose sweater, and went to the post office, for Gran.

About dark, along came Berty, with his best clothes and his silliest grin on, and we went to the show. I was so "peeved" at having to leave my book, which is a new one by Mary Roberts Rhinehart, that I was rather rude, but Berty never knew it, so I suppose it doesn't matter. I said, "Aren't you ever sick, Berty, or anythink like that, that might keep you home evenings?" But he only grinned wider than ever, and said he didn't know what sickness was, and I could count on little Berty to always be Johnny-on-the-spot, as if I didn't know that!

Then he began to talk about Inez and Lisbeth. He called Inez, "some swell little Jane," and said Lisbeth was "the coming kid!" Really, I felt *ashamed* to hear my sisters spoken of in that way by a dummy like Berty. I was silent, trying to show my disdain, but Bright Berty must have thought I was jealous, or something, for he said encouragingly, "You're all right, too, kid, only a guy don't always know how to take you. Why, don't you know, if I didn't know better, sometimes I'd almost think you were making fun of me!" Well, I won't waste any more space on Berty, or time either, because it is after the movie, and I am sleepy, and I promised Mother I wouldn't neglect to brush my hair two hundred strokes before going to bed, even if she isn't here to watch me.

Sunday evening, April 14.—Well, I'm home again. Inez had a piece of news to tell me. It seems that Miss Moffatt, our Ancient History teacher, has left to get married; her husband is going to leave for South America, immediately, and she could not even finish this term of school and go with him—and so we have a new teacher, the handsomest man! So Inez says, at least. She simply raved about him. She and Madge saw him when he got off the train, Saturday, and watched him afterward, sitting out on the Davenport's front porch. He is going to board there. She even found out his name! Trust Inez! She thinks it is so romantic! Milton Sturtevant! So much nicer than ours! For my part, I think it is awfully silly, like a movie hero,

or something. Wallace may not be quite so fancy, but it's a good substantial name, and I intend to be loyal to it, even if Inez doesn't. Well, I'll see the paragon, tomorrow, and here's the hair-brush, propped up against a book before me, where Mother put it just before she went to bed, so I couldn't possibly forget. So-long!

Tuesday, 16.—I couldn't write last night, Petty piled a lot of work on us for today, and I had to do mine, and the biggest part of Inez's, while she raved shamelessly in her diary, about the new ancient history teacher. I have *some* pride about our standing in our classes, and Inez takes advantage of it. Besides she hinted that I was anxious to tell my journal about Prof. Sturtevant, and I'd have died rather than open it, then! But, O, he is wonderful! For once, Inez didn't exaggerate it, a bit! She didn't half tell it when she described him to me Sunday night! So tall, and so distinguished-looking and dignified! I didn't know a teacher *could* have such thick wavy hair, and it has just enough gray in, to look interesting! O, he is really the most attractive man I ever saw! I know I shall never see another who is even half so wonderful!

Inez and Madge say they are going to find out if he is married. It doesn't seem probable, as he has no wife with him. But she may be visiting or something, and expect to join him later. I might just as well make up my mind to it, a man like that could not escape marrying! Someone would be sure to have captured him before this! If she is only worthy of him! But she is probably one of those heartless, selfish creatures, that most great men in history seem to pick, if not, why should she let him come to his work alone? But perhaps he happens by some miracle not to be married! Of course, he would never look at the Ugly Duckling, but many a person has loved in silence and alone, all his or her (their) life. (Thank goodness, Petty isn't going to see that sentence!) I never did know which pronoun to use) O, I forgot to mention his voice! But I can't describe it, so it's no use trying! This is something the way he looks, only of course I can not really draw him at all. If you could see him, Diary, you would never consent for me to write another word about anyone else on your pages, in the world! There comes Inez, and she will look over my shoulder, if I don't hurry!

Thursday—18.—He isn't married! That is, he isn't now. Mrs. Davenport told Madge that his wife died when they had only been married a short time. Isn't that romantic! No wonder he looks so sort of sad. I suppose he never will forget her, or marry again, or anything. Wouldn't it be wonderful to die, and have your husband grieve all the rest of his life for you? Only, you wouldn't be here to enjoy it. O, well, I suppose he is

just as inaccessible as if she were alive! But if a cat can look at a king, an ugly duckling can surely look at a high school professor! I think my case will be lots more romantic than Aunt Dora's. Typhoid isn't romantic, at all. "Unrequietd love!" I remember, I thought that movie was the silliest thing!

Inez cried over it. Well, I understand it now. Isn't it strange what a change can take place in a person's ideas in one short week?

Mother just called for me to remember my hair. I don't mind brushing it so much, now. I never thought I would envy Inez or Lisbeth their looks, but——

Saturday night, 20th.—Lisbeth came in before I finished, to get some hand lotion, as Mother's and her jar was empty, and I thought it was Inez, who was down-stairs studying, and so I put my diary away. Well, I'll never get to the great news! He has been here about ten minutes, when Dick came. But it had been It seems he was a college friend of Father's, and found out that we were his family, and so came to call on Mother this evening. He was even nicer, close up, than in classes. He told us so many things about his and Father's college life, that Father seemed quite a different person than when Mother describes him —more human, you know, not quite so perfect. Mr. Sturtevant made a great fuss over Lisbeth, whom he had never seen before, said she looked so much like Father. She sang, but Inez was not here to play for her, as it was her turn at Granmother's. I could see that the Professor admired Mother very much, and really seemed to enjoy the evening. I hated it, when he finally went, although I hadn't done a thing all evening, but sit and look at him, but that was "happiness enow" for me.

Inez will be frantic when she finds that he was here while she was gone!

Saturday.—A whole week since I wrote a word in my journal! And I might not have written now, but the Prof. has been here again! I was giving so much time to my diary, that I was really beginning to fall down in my lessons. But this is an occasion that cannot be passed up.

Just as I thought, Inez was terribly put out when she heard of the Professor's visit. She said it simply made her *fume* to think she had endured Berty for a whole evening, while we were enjoying Mr. Sturtevant! Of course, none of us even dreamed that he would come again tonight—although Mother didn't show the least surprise, that's her good breeding, I suppose. Inez had a date with Dick Goodwin! Prof. Sturtevant had only been here about ten minutes, when Dick came. But it had been ten minutes well spent, so far as Inez was concerned.

She had talked, and laughed, (the new laugh she and Madge are cultivating) and put her eyes through all their bag of tricks,

and in fact practiced all her new arts upon him. She made a really pretty picture on the piano stool, where she had seated herself, I know as a reminder to Mother to ask her to play, but Dick came in before we had got to that stage.

If looks could kill, poor Dick wouldn't be the "Sheik of the Campus," as Tom Walling calls him, today. Although Inez had been quite proud at capturing Dick, when everybody knows that Mabel Browning, who has more clothes than all the rest of the girls together, as well as everything she wants, has the *awfullest* "crush" on him! But she isn't even in Inez's class for looks—but that wasn't what I was writing about, what was it? O, yes, Inez was mad as a hatter at Dick, (who, of course, didn't know what for) for what is the best catch in the school, compared with Professor Sturtevant? She would have been madder than ever, if she had known that the Professor seemed just as happy and contented after she left, as before. Perhaps that was his gentlemanly way of making Mother and me feel we were of some importance, too.

How I did long for Inez's self-possession, and easy manner! Frankly, I have always thought I had lots more brains than Inez, but I am beginning to doubt it! What use are brains, anyway, if they don't get you anywhere? And I certainly didn't show any evidence of mine, tonight. Every time the Professor spoke to me, I stammered just like Benny Burton.

Mother made up for what I lacked, by being just as nice as she can be, and that's pretty nice. She could make a wooden Indian feel at home, and though rather formal right at first, the Professor is far from wooden. I made some lemonade, and brought in some of Mother's cream-puffs, and Prof. S. ate really a lot of them. It was a sort of disappointment to me, because no one can ever seem *quite* so romantic again, after one has seen him eat real heartily. I hinted this to Mother after he had gone, and she laughed, and said, "Goodness, child, if you are going to leave food out of your romances, you'll have to omit men, too. There is a natural affinity between the two. Haven't you ever heard the old adage about the way to a man's heart? For my part, I was glad to see the Professor enjoy the cream-puffs so well. I happen to know that Mrs. Davenport can't make them fit to eat."

It seems dreadful to confess it, but even Mother is a disappointment to me, sometimes. You wouldn't think to look at her that she *could* say such things! I am afraid that nobody looks at things like I do, and I am doomed to go through life, a lonely unappreciated soul.

Tuesday afternoon.—I cut Gym to come home and write. I just couldn't wait till night, and then I have a big long paper to write for "English Lit."

Just think! I have had a long talk with Prof. S. all alone,

me, myself! And I didn't stammer either! Or turn red, or drop anything! Mother told me to go down to Newton's Drug Store before I came home, for some tooth-paste, and camphor; and I was mooning along, making up a story about being a beautiful, mysterious young woman, at the same rich house-party at which Mr. Sturtevant was being entertained. He had been heard to say that I had the saddest, sweetest face he had ever seen, and to wonder what secret sorrow had driven away all its beautiful smiles and written there that look of haunted pain.

Came a day when I came sweeping down the broad stairway, in my plain, but expensive riding-habit, and imperiously, but in a sad, gentle voice, ordered the groom to bring me the swiftest horse in the stables, I would try to ride away from my thoughts. It happened that the Professor, who was sitting thinking about me, in an alcove, heard my command, and resolved to follow me, declare his love, and try to win back the smiles to that sadly beautiful face. Well, it went along, to where in a fit of reckless pain and not noticing that I was being followed by the faithful Professor, I had jumped a ditch, been thrown from my high-spirited mount, and was lying in a tragic, unconscious heap on the ground. Frantic with fear, he rushed up, threw himself from his horse, and gathering my lifeless form to his heart, began calling me every tender, impassioned name his lips could utter.—I had just got to there, when I ran into someone, and looking up, saw it was the Professor!

I was so startled that I blurted out, "O, it's you!" and then could have cut my tongue out for betraying me. (That is an expression I read somewhere.) But he only smiled pleasantly, and said, "Yes, and unless I am very much mistaken, that is you. Were you going in here, Miss Daisy?" We were right at the door of the drug store, and he went in with me. It seemed that he was after a magazine, but when I had got my things, and was starting away, he asked if I wouldn't have an ice-cream soda with him, it was so warm! If Mother, or Inez or Lisbeth had been there to see, I couldn't have said a word, because they would have known that I was only acting; but as it was, I tried to act just as I thought Mother or Inez would have done, and I don't believe he guessed how excited I was inside. He was just as talkative and entertaining as if I were the grandest lady in town. I wonder if he even imagines how I feel toward him! I would die if he did! I came home walking on air, and when Mother asked me for the tooth-paste and camphor, I had left them on the drug store counter!

May 15.—The time simply flies, and I don't get a chance to write a word. Mother has not been well, and we have had to take turns at the house-work, besides doing our school work.

Poor little Lisbeth, just can't remember her day for dishes, and plays along with Gladys, her chum, until I have them done

nearly every time. Then she is so sorry and sweet about it, that I just can't be vexed. But what is hard to stand is Inez's cooking. She said that if Lisbeth and I would take turns making beds, sweeping, dusting, etc., she would do all the cooking, and give Mother a good rest. We tried to get her to go to Gran's for a while, but she would not leave us alone and then school will soon be out, and we will all go up to Aunt Margaret's farm for the summer, and Mother will be all right as she always is, there. But in the meantime, Inez's cooking is simply awful! Everything is sweet! A whole meal of deserts! And she puts cinnamon in everything, too, though I've told her a hundred times that I can't *bear* cinnamon! She says every time, "O, don't you like it? I thought it was cinnamon you *did* like!"

We *have* to eat her stuff, for we never know when we'll get another meal. Inez will come flying in, hours late, look at the clock, and say, "O, dear! Time for another meal! Seems like we eat all the time! Poor little Mumsy, Inez will have her something nice in a jiffy!" Then she will fix up some sticky mess, and Mother will say, "This is delicious, dear!" Though I notice that she hardly touches it. Now, *I* think Inez should be told plainly that she can't cook, and be made to learn. When I have children—well, if I ever *should* marry and have children, I'll know how to train them, that's certain, because I've given Mother's—no, that sounds too mean,—I won't say anything more—but Inez *does* make me tired!

Sunday afternoon.—Professor Sturtevant is calling on Mother, now. He brought her a beautiful armful of roses and a book, and they seem to be having a lovely time. I was the only girl at home when he came, and I was in the kitchen, trying to cobble up something for Mother to eat—something that wasn't sweet, I mean. I had one of her big kitchen aprons tied under my arms, and where there wasn't a smudge of black, there was a dash of flour. I have looked about the same every time he has called, and that has been often. It is awfully discouraging. I had to let him in, looking as I did, and my heart surely fell when I saw the roses, I had hoped something would prompt the Professor to bring a good thick beef-steak next time he came (cooked of course.) I know poor Mother would appreciate it.

After he had gone in to Mother, I gave up my attempts at cooking, and came up to try to catch up with some of my lessons. I'd have given the world to have stayed and looked at the Professor, but I wouldn't bear looking at, in return, until I've had a bath, and something else on. And now, I am too tired to take a bath, or brush my hair, or anything! My face feels fairly scorched bending over that hot old stove so long,and then I didn't accomplish anything! I have three cut fingers, and one burned one, and O, how they hurt! And then the Professor saw me looking like that! I don't care if he did! I just hope he

does think I am slouchy and untidy, and haven't any pride, so there!

June 15.—Aunt Margaret's Farm.—Or maybe I ought to call it Uncle Henry's Farm. Anyway, that isn't important, this *is*! Mr. Sturtevant is spending his vacation up here, too! He is staying at the Burton's, Aunt Margaret's nearest neighbors! It seems like a remarkable coincidence, but Inez says she knows he came just because he knew we were coming. She says he asked her one day after class if anyone else up here took summer boarders, besides Uncle Henry. Of course, he had heard us talk about coming to the farm. I sort of wonder, myself—but wouldn't say so right out, as Inez does. Anyway, he is there, and most of the time he is here. He comes over in the morning, to play tennis with Inez, or me, and usually stays to lunch, because Aunt Margaret, who hasn't any children, loves company, and always urges him to stay. Then in the afternoon, he takes Mother boating, or for a long walk, for the sake of her health. Then Uncle Henry asks him to spend the evening, and we sit out on the porch and sing, while Abner Adams, Uncle Henry's hired man, plays the ukelele; or we listen while Uncle Henry and the Professor have an argument on religion or politics, (sometimes we make out cross-word puzzles while it is going on), and twice we have all gone out on the river for a moon-light boat ride.

Lisbeth is simply running wild. She is all over the farm with Uncle Henry or Abner, or tearing around like mad on Chub, the pony that Uncle Henry keeps for us girls to use in the Summers, or hiking off for picnics with Bennie and Bettie, the Burton's twins, every time Mother will let her.

Aunt Margaret says I look "peaked," and tries to make me eat cream at all hours of the day. I let her think I had been carrying a too heavy course in school (two heavy courses would be nearer right, Inez's and my own), and don't tell her what really is the matter, of course, though sometimes I think she suspects something. She is always talking about the Professor, asking me if I like him, and don't I think he is a nice thoughtful man around the house, and so on. Ho-hum! I'm tired of writing, and promised Aunt Margaret that I would help her shell some peas for dinner.

Inez and Lisbeth went to town with Uncle Henry, and Mother is somewhere with the Professor. He is reading a book to her, that was written by one of his friends.

July 29.—This is the end! The very last scratch I shall ever write in your pages, Diary! When I have finished easing my mind today, I'll stick you in the kitchen stove, when Aunt Margaret is not looking; or maybe seal you up with sticking plaster, and put you away to read when I am an old, old, maid, sitting by the fire, knitting socks for my grand-nephews. No —I won't do it! I may be obliged to sit by the fire in cold

weather, but I simply refuse to waste my eye-sight knitting socks for those despicable children, so there!

Well, now that's settled, I will get on with my story. I am sitting propped up in bed in broad daylight, pillows at my back, a hot-water bottle at my feet, and Uncle Henry's big red dressing-gown on, all to quiet Aunt Margaret's fears that I might contract pneumonia.

This is what happened.

An hour or so after lunch, when everybody was reading, or dozing, or crocheting, or something, I went down to the river, and got into one of the little canoes that Uncle Henry keeps tied to the boat-landing. I felt dreamy and sad, so I just stretched out in the bottom of the boat and looked up at the sky, and thought beautiful thoughts, while I drifted idly down-stream. Presently, I drifted into a story about the Professor and me, as I always do, or rather did, when I must have dozed off, for

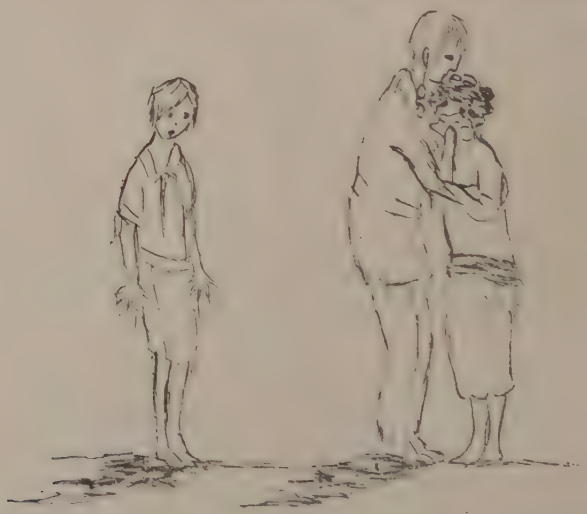
the next thing I remember was shouting. It was Mother and Mr. Sturtevant, who had wandered away down the river to read their book, though they could surely have found a quiet place without coming so far.

Well, anyway, they had seen my boat drifting straight toward an old tangly tree-root, which stuck out from a little island in the middle of the river. They wondered if anyone could be in it, (they couldn't see me, as I was lying down), because the boat was apt to catch on that snag, and not far below were some rapids, and quite a fall in the river. Well, when I heard them shouting, it startled me wide-awake, and I jumped staight up, suddenly, forgetting all about where I was. I don't know if I had any help from the snag, or not, but anyway, I capsized the boat, and suddenly found myself in the water, which seemed terribly cold for mid-summer, with the canoe over me. I got out from under, and tried to strike out for the bank where Mother was, but the current was so strong and swift there, that it kept carrying me down-stream, nearer and nearer to those falls.

The Professor had jumped right in with his clothes on, and

was swimming toward me, but both he and Mother kept shouting something, and pointing behind me. I couldn't hear what they said for the roar of the water, and didn't have time for looking at the view, or anything, anyway; I had troubles of my own. Once I thought how romantic it was for me to be drowning, and the Professor rescuing me, but there really wasn't much time for thought, though it seemed hours before he reached me, just as I was too tired to try any longer, and was going to let the water have me if it wanted me so badly.

The Professor didn't look a bit romantic, with his wet clothes clinging to him, his hair plastered tight to his head, and his eyeglasses which he had forgotten to take off, dangling from his ear. But I could have forgiven him all that as he had got that way saving my life, if it had not been for his first words, "You little fool!" That's what he said, the very words! Not, "O, my dearest!" or "Thank heaven, in time!" or even, "Saved!" Just, "You little fool! Do you want to scare your Mother to death? It's enough to kill her!" I could see that he didn't want to talk at all, didn't have any too much breath, in fact, as he



was now towing me along against the current. But he had to get it out before he came to my Mother, he couldn't very well call me a fool before her! It seemed they had tried to tell me to climb onto the little island, and stay till he could get a boat and come after me, but I didn't understand. I don't think the Professor enjoyed getting his new white flannels wet, for one thing.

Mother was nearly in hysterics, crying and sobbing, when we got to the shore, and the Professor didn't take another bit

of notice of me, though I thought for once I ought to be the heroine of the situation—even if I did look more like a drowned rat than a heroine—but began trying to comfort Mother, in a way that was surprising, to say the least—putting his arms around her and patting her shoulder, and saying over and over, 'There, there, dearest, she's all right, don't you see?" I guess I must have looked rather queer, for Mother said suddenly, beteween sobs, "Daisy, darling, I'll tell you first of all, the Professor is going to be your new daddy, aren't you glad?"

"And when I am, young lady, I'll see that you behave a little more sensibly than you did today!" said the Professor, trying to be jokey, but meaning it, I could see.

Well, I felt suddenly that three was a crowd, and the one that made it crowded, was wet and miserable, and wanted to cry, so I said rather crossly, I am afraid, "If you will just take the responsibility of the rest of the family off my hands, I think I can manage to look out for myself!" Then I ran. Aunt Margaret put me to bed, and gave me a cup of hot ginger tea, and made all the fuss over me, that Mother would have made under ordinary circumstances; and after all, people don't get engaged to Professor Milton Sturtevants every day, and all the family have been up to see how I feel, including Mother and the Prof. When I looked at him, beaming down at me in such a fatherly way he had already forgotten that he called me a little fool, for frightening Mother.) I almost laughed in his face, to think that Inez and I ever imagined that we were in love with him! Why, he is just the age and type for Mother, and of course she was the attraction all the time! Thank goodness, nobody knows the joke on me, but you, Diary, and I will make it impossible for you to tell!

It will really be a wonderful relief to have another man in the family, to take some of the responsibility off my shoulders. Now, I am going to have a vacation!

AN OLD LADY AT THE COUNTY INFIRMARY

The Picture on the Wall

Jessie Sundwall

For hours I've gazed upon it,
  This picture on the wall,
This picture of a mother
  In quaint old-fashioned shawl.
Her face deep-lined and furrowed,
Grave eyes of faded blue,
But in these windows of the soul,
  Her life is mirrored true.

I saw her as a baby,
So dimpled sweet and fair.
Instead of silver on her brow
Lay curls of golden hair.
Again in care-free maidenhood,
'Mid meadow daisies gay,
She chased the goldwinged butterfly,
Or dreamed the hours away.

The hand, blue-veined and hardened,
That holds the worn old shawl,
Had once been called by lover true,
So soft, so warm, so small.
The old black cap, in Springtime
Had been a bridal flower,
Placed 'mong her curls proclaiming
The wondrous wedding hour.

Came noon of life, and children,
Beside this woman's knee
Learned of life's truths. Oh matchless
The mother-love I see,
Great sacrificing, yearning,
With every breath a prayer,
The Valley of the Shadow, left
The look recorded there.

And now her cares and sorrows
Are written on her face,
They, like the waters on the rock,
Leave marks that don't erase,
While all the joys and virtues
Make imprint on her soul,
And these she'll carry onward
To that eternal goal.

For hours I've gazed upon it,
This picture on the wall,
She seems to be in waiting
For angels summoning call.
Small need has she of riches;
A kindly friend, no more,
To bid farewell in parting,
And softly close the door.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Nebo Stake.

At an entertainment given early in the year by the Nebo stake Relief Society in honor of the stake presidency and stake clerk, the board members presented four Bible stories, which they had dramatized. The entertainment was so successful that it was given by request to six of the wards of the stake in a joint entertainment on the Relief Society annual day, and later to the Santaquin wards.

BIBLE STORIES DRAMATIZED

The stories dramatized and the cast of characters in each group were as follows: the story of Ruth, Naomi—President Hepsy Sperry Lewis, Ruth—Leona Dixon, and Orpha—Delia Dixon; the story of Elijah and the widow, widow—Mary Jeppson, Elijah —Annie Curtis, child—Genevieve Clayton; the story of Rebekah at the Well, Rebekah—Hazel Coray, Nahor—Annie Curtis, Isaac —Louise Cox, Maids—Delia Dixon, Julia Hancock, Leona Dixon, Ann J. Loveless; the story of Miriam, Miriam—Reta Loveless, Mother of Moses—Lydia Harris, Daughter of Pharaoh—Phoebe Reid; director, Ada Clayton.

Utah Stake.

In commemoration of the founding of the Relief Society, the Utah stake board Relief Society entertained all the Relief Society members of the stake and a few visitors at the Columbia Theatre the afternoon of March 17, 1926. There were between 1150 and 1200 present. The entertainment opened by the vast congregation singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," after which the following program was given: speech of welcome, President Electa S. Dixon; one-act play, "Young America," furnished by the B. Y. U. Dramatic Art Department; the picture, "Druscilla and her Millions." As a climax sentiments were thrown upon the screen, stating the date of the organization of the Relief Society, purpose of the organization, and what it has meant to women. Both the one-act play and the picture depicted the spirit of the Relief Society. The entertainment was especially enjoyed and appreciated by all who attended since it was just a little different from the usual manner of celebrating this occasion. The attendance shows the attitude of the Relief Society members of the stake to the Relief Society cause. The stake membership is 1099.

Jordan Stake.

The Jordan stake Relief Society recently entertained at a banquet in the Sandy second ward chapel in honor of President Soren Rasmussen and stake clerk Niels Lind. The tables were beautifully decorated in yellow and white, and the young women who served wore caps and aprons in the same colors. Dainty favors marked the places for the guests. After a hearty greeting by President Elfleda L. Jensen, a delightful program of toasts was given, interspersed with artistic musical selections, after which recfeation features were introduced. The most interesting and amusing of the "stunts" was a clinic for fathers and babies, when the prominent men of the stake marched into the clinic carrying large baby dolls which were examined by the doctor in charge. Instructions were given the fathers jointly on the care of children. The whole affair was most entertaining and enjoyable.

Woodruff Stake.

On March 17, the Evanston ward Relief Society of the Woodruff stake, held a "Mothers' Carnival" in the city hall, the program following the outline in the November Magazine. The Carnival was a great success. There were 250 present, 237 of whom were mothers. Of this number, Mrs. Drusilla Stacey, mother of fifteen children, and Mrs. Susan Evans and Mrs. Elizabeth Crompton, mothers of fourteen children each, won the prizes for the largest families. The mother of the most sons was Mrs. Mary Ann Barnes, twelve sons. The mother of the most daughters was Mrs. Galligos, nine daughters. The oldest mother present was Mrs.

Elizabeth Banks, 89 years old; the youngest mother present was Mrs. Edna Spiers, 18 years old. The prizes for the longest membership in the Relief Society went to Hannah Marston, 52 years a member, and Hannah Smith and Clara Deloney, each 49 years a member. There were prizes given to ten mothers of twins. There was no record of triplets ever having been born in the ward. The grand march, led by the honored mothers of the largest families, was an inspiring sight, and as they passed the ward presidency, each mother received a useful gift. The gifts were varied and useful. The ward officers made 285 presents which consisted of hand embroidered doilies, garters, shoe trees, guest towels, handkerchiefs with tatted edges, pin cushions, darning bags, needle books, caps, etc. Refreshments were served cafeteria style. Every one voted it the most successful annual day held in the ward, and much credit is due the ward officers for their hard work, and for the efficiency, quickness and ease with which they served 250 people with luncheon in twenty minutes.

Burley Stake.

At the joint "Leadership Week" held in Burley, Idaho, recently, with six stakes participating, social welfare work was one of the features. President Margaret Cutler and counselors worked untiringly for the success of this department. The local doctors spoke on health topics and Mrs. Laura Adamson, president of the Relief Society of Blaine stake, and Miss Callie and Dr. Fouls of the state department, gave lectures on social work.

Other courses given were recreation, religious education, methods of teaching, scouting, and a farmers' conference with recreation leaders from the Y. M. M. I. A. and professors from the Brigham Young University in charge. Over five hundred people were in attendance.

Benson Stake.

A very successful teachers' convention was held in Benson stake March 13, based on the outlines furnished by the General Board at the 1925 group conventions. The topics were well given and a delicious luncheon was served to the 363 workers present.

Testimonials for Stake Presidents

A testimonial was held March 17, 1926 in the Alpine stake tabernacle, in honor of Mrs. Annie C. Hindley, who has removed from the stake, and the three retiring board members, Sisters Susie Swenson, Rachel Hunter and Emma C. Smith. Seven hundred women of the Alpine stake were present and one of the General Board members, Miss Sarah M. McLelland. A pageant entitled the "Glory of Service" was rendered in the most impressive manner. At the close, a beautiful silver flower receiver

filled with roses and sweet peas, was presented to President Hindley, and a set of engraved silver spoons and a bouquet of sweet peas to each of the retiring board members. President Eliza Buckwalter made the presentation speech, beautifully portraying the faithful life and labors of each of the retiring board members and the high esteem in which they are held in the Alpine stake. After the program, refreshments were served. Mrs. Hindley had served thirteen years as president of the Relief Society of this stake, and previous to that she had served twelve years as a stake counselor. Her co-workers in the stake board testify that she was a woman among women. By her kind and loving disposition she endeared herself to every Relief Society member and to all others who know her. She never asked her board members to do anything she was unwilling to do herself and was surely a combination of Mary and Martha in her full sweet life of labor.

On March 9, Mrs. Hindley's ward (the third ward of American Fork, which has an enrollment of sixty-three) held a meeting in her honor with eighty-two present. It was said by one of the ward presidency, "We have always felt honored in having President Hindley a member of our organization, and when her calling or sickness did not take her, she was at her meeting in her own ward, and when she could not attend, an excuse was generally sent giving the cause of her absence." A beautiful fern and silver pie server were presented to her as a token of their love.

The following officers and members were appointed in the new organization: Eliza Buckwalter, president; Harriet M. Webb and Edith Grant Young, counselors; Mary E. Abel, secretary-treasurer; Lettie Gudmundsen, Olena Goodwin, Mary Cooper, Sarah S. Chipman, Rhoda Gardner, Ella M. Gragun, Emma Phillips, and Laura Dunkley, board members.

A testimonial was given in April in Preston Third ward hall in honor of Mrs. Nellie P. Head and board members Chloe M. Howell, Delilah Keller and Fanny Thomas, retiring president and board members, respectively, of Oneida stake Relief Society. Mrs. Head has been president of the Relief Society for ten years—four years over the wards embraced in both the Franklin and Oneida stakes, and six years over the wards of the Oneida stake, since the division of the stake. The testimonial was given under the supervision of the new presidency, Mrs. Amy C. Ballif, Mary W. Condie and Harriet J. Greaves, assisted by board members and ward presidents. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and was filled with friends of the retiring officers. A splendid program was rendered, during which Mrs. Head and her associates were each presented with an appropriate gift as a token of love and respect from the Relief Society sisters of the stake. After the meeting a dainty luncheon was served to about two hundred people.

Guide Lessons for October

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

THE DUAL NATURE OF JESUS CHRIST

During his ministry on the earth, the Savior spoke of himself as "The Son of Man," and so he was, through his mother, whose father was a man of the House of David, while Jesus' father was God.

The mission of Jesus was of a dual nature and had a dual object: first, as God to conquer death and redeem mankind; second, to experience mortality. The one extended his power, the other intensified his sympathy. The dual nature of the Savior is made plain by the Prophet Abinadi, *Book of Mormon,* Mosiah 15:1-6.

"1. And now Abinadi said unto them: I would that ye should understand that God himself shall come down among the children of men, and shall redeem his people.

"2. And because he dwelleth in flesh he shall be called the Son of God: and having subjected the flesh to the will of the Father, being the Father and the Son—

"3. The Father, because he was conceived by the power of God; and the Son, because of the flesh; thus becoming the Father and Son—

"4 And they are one God, yea, the very eternal Father of heaven and of earth.

"5. And thus the flesh becoming subject to the Spirit, or the Son of the Father, being one God, suffereth temptation, and yieldeth not to the temptation, but suffereth himself to be mocked, and scourged, and cast out, and disowned by his people.

"6. And after all this, after working many mighty miracles among the children of men, he shall be led, yea, even as Isaiah said, As a sheep before the shearer is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

We quote from Talmage's *Jesus the Christ;* the following note, which is illuminating in relation to Mary's descent. Mrs. A. S. Lewis, an authority on Syric manuscripts, "holds that Matthew's account attests the royal pedigree of Joseph and that Luke's genealogical table proves the equally royal descent of Mary. Mrs. Lewis says "The Sinai Palimpsest also tells us that Joseph and Mary went to Bethlehem to be enrolled there, because they were both of the house and lineage of David."

Canon Girdlestone, in discussing the article, says in pertinent emphasis of Mary's status as a princess of royal blood through descent from David, "When the angel was foretelling to Mary the birth of the Holy Child, he said: 'The Lord God shall give him the throne of his father David, Mary would have answered, I am not yet married to Joseph, whereas, she did answer simply: 'I am an unmarried woman' which plainly implies that if I were married, since I am descended from David, I could infuse my royal blood into a son but how can I have a royal son, while I am a virgin?' "

The human nature of Jesus made it possible for him to be tempted through appetite, ambition for notoriety, and yearning for wealth and power. His divine nature enabled him to silence Satan. Matthew 4:1-11.

"1. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

"2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred.

"3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

"4. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

"5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.

"6. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, he shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

"7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

"8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

"9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

"10. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

"11. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him."

His human nature found him weary at the well humbly asking and graciously receiving a drink at the hands of the woman of Samaria. His divine nature opened to him the secrets of her soul and caused him to offer her the cup of everlasting life. Reference: John 4:7-10.

"7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

"8. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

"9. Then saith the woman of Saramia unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

"10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

At the call of human nature he slumbered on the Sea of Galilee in the midst of a storm; his divine nature gave his command over the winds and the waves. Reference Matthew 8: 23-27.

"23. And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him.

"24. And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he was asleep.

"25. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and tere was a great calm. But the men marveled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

His human nature at Gethsemane caused him to shrink from the indescribable impending agony; his divine nature made it possible for him to bear up under the accumulated sins of ages. Was it not his human nature that called forth the question on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Certainly it was his divine nature by which he declared the completion of the sacrifice in the words, "It is finished." John 19:30. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. Reference: Luke 22: 41-44.

"41. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed,,

"42. Saying, Father, if thou be willing remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done.

"43. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him.

"44. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were greae drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Matthew 27:46. "And the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying E'li, E'li, la'ma sa-bach'tha-ni? that is to say, My, God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

1. Jesus came not to destroy human nature but to subordinate it to divine nature.
2. Elaborate this thought: The sacrifice was finished on the cross but the redemption awaited the resurrection.
3. In the light of his mission, show the necessity for the super-divinity of Christ.
4. Give one or more examples of the dual nature of Jesus, other than those used in this lesson.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in October)

HOME TALKS

Some Parental Obligations

"How best can we serve you?
O, children! if you knew
How her heart aches with loving
How deep and how true,
How brave and enduring,
How patient and strong,
How longing for good and how fearful of wrong
Is the love of your mother!"

I. A great obligation of parents is to love their children sufficiently so as to strive to set the proper example for them to follow in honor, integrity, truthfulness, courtesy, and kindness. How fortunate is the child who can always look up to his parents as his ideal.

II. Another obligation is to study child nature and strive to understand each individual child. To understand the natural urges of boys and girls, such as love of adventure, desire for personal adornment, association with other boys and girls, etc., and to provide for their proper expression, saves many children fro mserious mistakes.

III. Parents owe it to their children to hold before their children good examples rather than bad. To make their teaching positive rather than negative. "Put the best things before the children naturally grow to look on the best things as within their reach." "As a stimulant to ambition of the right sort, keep constantly before children the lives of great and good men and women of all ages."

IV. One great obligation of parents is to teach the gospel of Jesus Christ to their children in such a way that it makes a lasting impression, or that it appeals to them rather than repels them.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in October)

Robert Frost

Recently a survey was made in the United States to ascertain which poets should be included in a series of new reading texts being prepared for publication. A goodly number of votes were cast—some for one poet—and some for another, but on one poet they were agreed. All persons taking part in the survey asked that the poems of Robert Frost be included in the new readers. After such a statement, I feel sure it will not surprise our readers to learn that Robert Frost is something like Longfellow, and Field, and Riley, in that he reachs the common people.

Robert Frost is a good example of a poet who was not without honor save in his own country, for his own country refused to accept him, allowing him to waste his life attempting to do a variety of things for which he was not at all suited, until England proclaimed him a poet in such unmistakable terms that his own country was forced to acquiesce.

Robert Frost, like Amy Lowell, is of New England, its very soil. Nevertheless, he was born in the West. Robert Lee Frost was born in San Francisco, California, March 26, 1875; at the age of ten he returned to the East; this was his native environment; eight generations of his forebears had lived there.

He did his preparatory work for College at the Lawrence High School, Massachusetts. In 1892 he entered Dartmouth College, where he remained only a few months. The urge for creative work bore heavily upon him, consequently the routine of college work proved irksome.

Desiring to earn his living, he accepted a job as bobbin boy in one of the mills at the city of Lawrence. He had begun to write poetry and had sent some to *The Independent*, but the very thing that marked him as a poet, and later won for him so much praise as a stylist, is what these first editors in America objected to.

Ada Dwyer Russell in her address on Amy Lowell, said that Miss Lowell disliked very much worn out words; she wanted words fresh from the heart of the thing that was being written about. Robert Frost's words were full of "the flavor of the soil" and for that reason they were rejected by people who could not discover their great worth. For twenty years this now popular poet remained unknown. He married in 1895. "In 1897 he moved his family to Cambridge, Mass., and entered

Harvard in a final determination to achieve culture. This time he followed the cut-and-dried curriculum, for two years, but at the end of that period, he stopped trying to learn and started to teach."

He worked at a variety of things such as teaching school, mending shoes, editing a weekly paper, finally turning to farming at Derry, New Hampshire. Many a farmer striving to work the stubborn soil of New England had found it a very difficult thing to wrest a living from the rock-bound coast, and so it was with Robert Frost. It was with the most meagre success that he labored on untiringly—the soil refusing to yield and the unresponsive public refusing to recognize that it had a real poet in its midst. Finally, in September, 1912, Frost sailed to England with his wife and four children. Now for the first time this gifted man moved in a literary atmosphere. He collected his poems and with much misgiving, because of his experience at home, presented them to an English publisher. Not many months passed before his first volume of poems was issued under the caption of *A Boy's Will.* Away from home, Frost was recognized as "one of the few authentic voices of modern poetry."

In 1914, Frost was living in Gloucestershire, with the English poets Lascelles, Abercrombre, and W. W. Gibson, as neighbors. In 1914 he published *North of Boston*—an American book in every particular; he called it a *Book of People.* It is all that and more, with its rich New England background, which places it among the very first books that truly interpret New England life. *North of Boston* was received in the United States in the warmest possible manner, with the result that when Frost came back to America, it was to find himself famous. *Mountain Intervals* followed, in 1916. He had gained confidence, knowing, as he did, that his own countrymen were ready to receive him and give him due recognition.

The following lines express his feeling of confidence:

"They would not find me changed from him they knew—
Only more sure of all I thought was true."

New Hampshire appeared in 1923, and was awarded the Pulitzer prize for being the best volume of poetry of that year.

Frost now entered the class room, teaching first at Amherst, and later at the University of Michigan; he was at Amherst from 1916 to 1919, and at the University of Michigan from 1923 to 1925. He then ceased active teaching, but was induced to return to the faculty of the University of Michigan, under the following agreement: "Michigan offered him an 'idle professorship' for life, which requires that he spend part of the time in educational circles, acting as 'sort of a poetic radiator,' a small part teaching, and the rest of his time on his farm in Vermont."

We shall include in this lesson, first of all, the poem *The Death of the Hired Man*. We feel that it needs no explanation—that it needs merely to be read carefully to be understood. We feel that our readers will be very proud indeed of Mary. Here we have a story of intense human interest—not particularly attractive—but lifted into the realm of the divine through Mary's lovely Christian soul.

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tiptoe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said,
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set then on the porch, then drew him down,
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said:
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbor him?
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there is no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can'—'then someone else will have to'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself,
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him,
Trying to coax him off with pocket money,—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to—he'll have to soon or late."
"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove."

"When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,

A miserable sight, and frightened, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels,
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"
"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess.

He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course, he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education—you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load.
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the West,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."
"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us, you think,
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt today.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."
"We know it, though."
"I think his brother ought to help, of course,
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinfolks can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good as anyone.
He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is,"

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there tonight.

You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it—then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."
It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand, and waited.

"Warren?" she questioned.

"Dead" was all he answered.

In "The Runaway," we have perhaps the best and at the same time most tender picture of a colt to be found in our literature. We feel keenly that Robert Frost should have spent so much time on a farm whose yield was so unsatisfactory, but if he was not rewarded in grain and vegetables and fruits, he certainly amassed an amount of experience that has given him abundant material for his poems.

In "The Runaway" we have a little colt that has made its way out into the snow and is plainly excited over conditions. The poem tells its own story.

THE RUNAWAY

"Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted to us. And then he has to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.
I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,

It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with a clatter of stone
And he mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

"To Earthward" is a poem expressive of the poet's love for nature which quite justifies the opinion of many critics that his love for nature was equal to that of the English poet, William Wordsworth.

TO EARTHWARD

Love at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of—was it musk
From hidden grape vine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

This poem is undoubtedly a protest against war as is Amy Lowell's *Patterns*. *The Peaceful Shepherd* is Robert Frost's protest against war.

THE PEACEFUL SHEPHERD

If heaven were to do again,
And on the pasture bars
I leaned to line the figures in
Between the dotted stars,

I should be tempted to forget,
I think, the Crown of Rule,
The Scales of Trade, the Cross of Faith,
As hardly worth renewal.

For these have governed in our lives,
And see how men have warred!
The Cross, the Crown, the Scales, may all
As well have been the Sword.

The poet is disappointed that our so-called Christian civilization has been so little able to cope with war.

Questions and Problems

1. Give some interesting items concerning the life of Robert Frost.

2. Illustrate from the poem *The Death of the Hired Man* how Mary overcame evil with good. Can you think of any characters in real life that reminds you of Mary? If so, illustrate by telling of something done by the real characters without mentioning names.

3. Select some words and phrases that substantiate the notion that Robert Frost has very deep appreciation of nature.

4. Do you feel that Robert Frost is justified in the attitude he takes in *The Peaceful Shepherd?*

5. Is there anything in the poems we have read that reminds us of New England?

Lesson IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

INTELLECTUAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD

John and Rosa

Two eleven-year old children are the subject of this discussion. Both were given intelligence tests and were found to be slightly over eight years old mentally. John's measurement is expressed in terms of Intelligence Quotient (I. Q.) 72, and Rosa's I. Q. is 71. According to the table given in the last lesson (it appears also on page 76 of the text) John and Rosa both fall in the group classified as "borderline."

John and Rosa typify a problem with which the schools and various Children's Agencys are frequently faced. The dull child, who does not accomplish the standard work of his grade, usually has an unhappy school life. He is often misunderstood and is considered lazy and shiftless by his parents and teachers. His failures lead to discouragement and to his decreasing faith in his ability to succeed. His sense of inadequacy makes him fearful of the scorn of his classmates, with the result that such powers as he has are not given expression. The dull child, if not understood and intelligently handled, is made to suffer the additional handicap of feeling hopelessly inferior. But a dull individual may make a very satisfactory adjustment. The ultimate test of mental ability or deficiency is not the grade attained on the intelligence scale, but it is the individual's ability to live a normal social life. Dr. Wile states he is willing to accept as a working definition of mental deficiency, "One who is capable of earning a living under favorable conditions, but is incapable from birth, or from an early age, (a) of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows and (b) of managing himself or his affairs with ordinary prudence."

Such borderline children as John and Rosa, if left to compete with their better endowed classmates, are destined to fail in school work and also in their adult life problems. If no saving traits are found and developed in the "borderline" child, he, perhaps, in adult life will fit the definition of the mental deficient, but if his powers are developed, and if his faith in his own ability to achieve certain goals is fostered, his adult accomplishments might make the classification of deficiency unfair.

The author stresses the danger of labelling a borderline child "feeble-minded." The child who is dull may have traits that will compensate for his lack of mental alertness.

The eleven-year old boy, John, was in the fifth grade, but

his mental age (eight years) indicated that his native ability was that of the average child in the third grade. The test also showed that John had no special ability. The explanation of his fair work in the fifth grade was found in his diligence and ambition. By studying longer than the normal child, he was able to accomplish the same type of work. By determination and effort he was able, at this age to overcome the handicap of his slowness. It is doubtful, however, that he would be able to continue to compete in school work successfully when he reaches the higher grades. As the subject matter becomes more diversified, it will be physically impossible to spend the extra time on each lesson which he now spends on only two or three. The probability is that he will not be able to do satisfactory work in high school, but he perhaps can complete the eighth grade a few years retarded.

The practical question which the parents and teachers of the boy must meet, is whether it will be advisable for him to continue academic work after completing the elementary schools. There is no doubt that academic work will always be very difficult for him. No amount of study and plodding will make him more alert. He will always have to have a tremendous effort to accomplish only a fair grade of formal work. Inasmuch as the outcome of a failure in high school course is probable it might be more advisable to spare the boy the ordeal of the strain and humiliation of such an experience, and direct his further training along more practical lines. Later studies of his capacities may reveal mechanical or manual skill, and he should be given opportunities for trade or vocational training. If he continues to have the same admirable traits of perserverance and application he undoubtely will achieve economic independence and carry the other responsibilities of adulthood satisfactorily. Proper training and guidance may help him overcome the handicap of his dullness. Unwise treatment and discouragement will thrust him in group of failures, making him a social liability and dooming him to a thwarted, unhappy adult life.

Rosa, also eleven years, with a mental age of eight, did not succeed as well as John in her school work. She, too, was in the fifth grade, but her accomplishments did not justify her grading. She did not apply herself with the energy and determination that John displayed, and her school work was too difficult for her. She paid little attention to the class work, but spent her time drawing ladies and beautiful clothes.

The treatment suggested for Rosa was a transfer to an ungraded school, where she might study drawing and dressmaking. These special studies were made the motives for such reading and arithmetic as she might need in the trade of a dressmaker. With some satisfying accomplishments in work for which she has ability, and with a new motive for applying herself to formal

school work, Rosa will undoubtedly make a satisfactory adjustment.

The transfer to more suitable work will not increase Rosa's intellectual powers. She will always have the handicap of dull mental powers, but successful expression and the removal of the strain of constant failure, to which she was subjected in the regular classroom, will make the highest development of her powers possible.

Rosa's story mentions another difficulty which should not be overlooked. In her classroom was a younger sister who was brighter than Rosa. The fact that the younger sister had reached the same grade was in itself an embarrassing situation for Rosa. Besides, it would only add to Rosa's daily humiliation to have her failures witnessed and perhaps laughed at and reported home by her sister. It is often found that a child exposed to such a humiliating experience, or subjected to unfavorable comparison with another member of the family, becomes shy and withdrawn because of the imposed feeling of inferiority. Two children in the same classroom, especially if they have different mental endowments, are likely to have emotional difficulties that will interfere with their intellectual accomplishments. Rosa, undoubtedly experienced a great feeling of relief when she was transferred to a different school.

The ungraded room or ungraded school may need a word of explanation. In many of the school systems an attempt is made to give special training to children who do not adjust to the usual school work. In a few instances the exceptionally bright children are given special instruction, making it possible for the child to advance more rapidly than if he remained in the regular classroom. Usually, however, the term ungraded room or school applies to special instruction arranged for the retarded or dull child. The classes are smaller and individual supervision is given each child. Special instruction in handwork begins early, and later classes in manual and domestic crafts and arts form an important part of the curriculum. These classes are of particular value in giving the child who is dull in academic work an opportunity to gain expression and satisfaction in some activity for which he has aptitude. There is some danger, however, of a child suffering humiliation by being placed in a selected group. This is more likely to be the case if the child is not much retarded, and is making great effort, as in the case of John, to succeed at his work. The physical and emotional lives of the children considered for ungraded classes should be studied carefully, as physical or emotional factors may account for temporary retardation, which perhaps may be treated more satisfactorily if the children remain in the regular classroom. No selection should be made on the arbitrary basis of mental tests,

but all the factors of the child's personality and problem should be considered before transfer to an ungraded room is made.

Reference: John and Rosa, Pages 87-92, *Challenge of Childhood,* by Dr. Ira S. Wile.

Questions and Problems

1. Give the table and interpretation of the Intelligence Quotient, noting the classification into which John and Rosa fall.
2. Give the definition of mental deficiency, and explain how a "borderline" person may either fit the definition or rise above it.
3. Explain why John was only one year retarded in school, in spite of his dullness.
4. Why will it be inadvisable for John's parents to plan for a high school education for him?
5. Why was Rosa transferred to an ungraded school and John kept in the regular school?
6. Explain why Rosa's sister in the same room added to her unhappiness.
7. Why will John succeed fairly well in spite of his dullness? Why will Rosa?
8. Discuss the value of an ungraded class or school.
9. Are there any ungraded classes or schools in your community?

I Remember

Philena Fletcher Homer

Ah, now I remember the things that youth forgot:
The yellow brier rose in the corner of the lot;
My mother's broken quaver as she sang about her work:
The dim and dusty attic where the eerie shadows lurk;
The singing of the kettle with its heavy iron spout,
The hardwood coals a'glowing as we raked the ashes out.

I remember the pewter platter, that stood by the cupboard door,
The grandsires tale of the sailing from the far-off English shore,
The cobwebs in the barnloft where we played upon the hay,
The frosty breath of the cattle on a stinging winter's day,
The slender fog fingers stealing through the pine trees' barricade,
The running pine a'glowing neath the forest's deepest shade.
Ah, child that played in the meadows where the yellow daisies grew,
Child that I was, now I remember you.

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